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be mentioned, of individuals who have attained great and deserved eminence in their professions, who are indebted for much of the distinction which they have acquired, to his friendly advice and assistance.

Though it is not strictly within the limits of a literary memoir, still we cannot forbear mentioning that he was naturally kind and courteous; and though inaccessible to the approaches of pride, and something quick, perhaps, of observing any appearance of disrespect or inattention, he was open as day to every advance of kindness and benevolence: within the retired sanctuary of private life, his beneficence was not always circumscribed by his means; and it is easier to conceive than to express the feelings which prompted him to consecrate his hard-earned independence, to the most hallowed of all earthly purposes, to solace the declining years of his aged parents. It is to be hoped that the influence of such an example will not be lost upon those who survive to mourn his loss, while they bless the great Disposer of events, in whose faith and fear he died.

Sure we are, that if the most glorious earthly privilege attainable by human exertion is that of being independent, it is due to the university and to the country, not to let the memory of an individual who devotes his independence to such noble purposes, pass away without some tribute, however transient, of sympathy and regret.

FINE ARTS.*

If we desired to know how many readers of poetry having a true poetical taste there were in Ireland, we should enquire of the book-sellers—not the number of copies of Byron's poetical works which were sold, nor of Moore's, nor of Scott's, for people read all these as much from fashion, and to avoid being remarkable, as from other motives—no, but we should ascertain how many copies of Wordsworth, "the poet's poet," had been sold, because he is not the idol of the mob, and can be truly appreciated only by minds possessing at least some portion of a kindred spirit. In like manner, if we desired to be informed how many true lovers of the fine arts there were amongst us, we should not ask how many collectors of old pictures there were, for we know well that there is generally more of fashion or of speculation influencing such persons than anything else; neither should we inquire how many patrons of living genius we had, (that is, supposing there were any,) for even that too might arise out of a love of distinction;—no, but we should discover, if possible, the number of copies of Turner's *England and Wales* sold among the good people of this country; for it requires an intimate knowledge of nature in her various effects, and a just discrimination in art, to enable us to appreciate the great merit of this admirable work; and no one possessing this knowledge and judgment, would debar themselves of the luxury, if possible, of frequently enjoying its beauties. There is no work of the kind in existence that affords such an intellectual banquet. In many departments of science and mechanics, the mind of England has done more in the present age than had ever been effected anywhere previously; and one department at least of the fine arts,

* *England and Wales*, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. with Descriptive and Historic Illustrations, by H. E. Lloyd, Esq. Jennings and Chaplin, London. Nos. I. to IX.

that truly noble one of landscape painting, we have carried to an equal eminence. Even the French, the most self-loving and vain-glorious race in Europe, while they deny our supremacy in portrait painting, and laugh at our claims to rivalry in historical art, are obliged to concede that we stand alone in landscape. In this walk of art we are indeed transcendent; we imitate nature with a truth and vigor never before attained to; and in the glorious list of British landscape painters, the name of Turner stands as the acknowledged chief. He is the mighty magician, to whom not only all the British landscape painters more or less look up, and from whose vigorous and original mind they have received instruction, but to whom also the professors of those branches of the art that seem least connected with his, are almost equally indebted; for, strange as it may appear, much of the beauty we admire in Lawrence, may be easily and clearly traced to the fountain of Turner's genius. These are facts well known to painters, though not generally so to the public; and we think it useful to disseminate them.

In the work before us, we become familiar with most of the qualities of art for which Turner is distinguished, and as he puts forth his strength with an honorable ostentation of his versatility of powers, we are also enabled to discover what the points are in which he is deficient; for great as he is in most things, he is but a little man in some. He dares every thing, and is rarely deficient in truth, vigour, and originality. There is no aspect that nature assumes that he is not familiar with, and almost equally pleased to represent—the pastoral or epic pastoral; the crowded street, or the lonely beach; the storm at sea; the brisk gale, or the calm; all appear to have nearly equal attractions for his Proteus pencil, and are treated with such felicity as would lead us to suppose that the artist's life had been devoted to that pursuit alone. The powers of mind, and the devotion to art that could effect all this, must be indeed wonderful; and the great characteristic of Turner's mind appears to be an untiring strength and activity. To the possession of this quality he probably owes most of his pictorial wealth, for nature, after all, does not appear to have intended him for a divinity in art, although by his own unceasing efforts he has almost made himself one.

He appears to have no perception of many of the higher qualities of an inspired mind. He has no fine taste for forms—no moral grandeur—and, above all, no refined sentiment—qualities which other landscape painters have possessed in an eminent degree. His skies, though so admirable in general effect, never present a magnificent outline; such as we see in Wilson or Salvator; they are, at best, but splendid combinations of little parts. His trees, though picturesque, are generally, as Cooke the engraver told him, "only birch brooms"—they have nothing of the massive beauty and grandeur of Poussin, Wilson, or, in our own times, Havell. He has no solemnity, and but little refined beauty. In all these circumstances he is immeasurably behind Wilson; who, if he had had Turner's activity and energy, might have been a demigod in art. Of these deficiencies, he is evidently himself unconscious; and, combined with his strength, there is a palpable original taint of vulgarity. He is fond of exhibiting his skill in the introduction of figures; but though he draws them with tolerable accuracy, and considerable spirit, there is not a female figure in all his works, that exhibits the slightest perception of beauty or sentiment; but, on the contrary, hundreds that only a coarse mind could have depicted. These are great defects; but they are atoned for by a thousand merits. though unable to grapple with a subject of quiet sublimity, he can

invest the meanest objects with interest and grandeur—this he effects chiefly by his profound knowledge of *chiaro oscuro*, and his unbounded fertility of invention. No painter ever produced such magical effects by the daring yet judicious management of skies. Like Homer's Jupiter he has the clouds at his command; and they give grandeur or picturesqueness to every subject at his bidding. In marine subjects, he has immeasurably surpassed all his predecessors. Water and sky were never before so gloriously tossed and commingled. In such subjects he is perfect, for they are in unison with the impetuous restlessness of his own mind. It is in these too that he feels his strength to lie, and he revels in them occasionally to the very brink of extravagance. In fine, if we form an estimate of the powers of Turner's mind from his works, we should say that it is one of extraordinary activity and expansion, but not originally gifted with those higher instinctive faculties which no laborious study can ever impart, and which are absolutely necessary to great success in the poetical and exalted regions of art.

Our space will not allow us to enter into any detailed notice of the subjects comprised in the parts now published. Though of course unequal, there are none of them without beauty and interest. They are generally ably engraved; for in this size, the landscape engravers of England surpass all that have ever preceded them; they are worthy of their art, and of the works with which they are entrusted. There are some prints, however, in the present work, which have been entrusted to young, and as yet incompetent hands, and which, as might be expected, do anything but justice to the painter. If this be the result of any mistaken regard to economy, it is a forcible illustration of the homely proverb. "penny wise and pound foolish"—the works of Turner should not be wasted on unworthy hands. The best plates in the work are from the burins of Goodal, R. Wallis, Miller, and Brandard. Goodal is matchless as an engraver of landscape, and Miller is equally excellent in marine subjects. The plates by Varral, Wilmore, and Jeavons, are of nearly equal excellence; and on the whole, we have but little in the work to condemn.

Sir William Gell's *Pompeii* unfortunately reached us too late for review this number: we shall endeavour to do justice to its beauty and excellence in our next.

MY DREAMS.

(BY MISS JEWSEBURY.)

Yes—I have had my dreams, and though
 There lingers now not one below,
 I would not wake them from repose,
 They died in fragrance like the rose.
 Of life the dream that first had birth,
 First too that blossom fell to earth,
 But gave a dying promise still
 That golden fruit its place should fill.
 Of love and fame my dreams were one,
 How soon their blended life was done!
 I mourned—but soon grew old in lore,
 Nor dew-drops took for diamonds more.
 And now, instead of dreams, I find
 A sea-like murmur in my mind,
 That speaks of death with solemn bliss,
 —Oh better than all dreams is this!